

### *Triumphal Entries*

Near morning bursts  
a sudden dawning—  
day's renewal  
in golding sky.

Slipping from misty dressing gowns  
pine tree torsos  
pose boldly framed  
through bedroom window.

Blue jay bards in erect missile cedar  
overlay  
the good morning  
song of the sparrows.

As a beautifully blossoming rose  
you softly slide over and open to me.  
Smiling — crinkly nose to nose  
we breathe a mutually whispered request—  
again please.

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*Wistful Union*

To see you  
only for a moment,  
to touch you  
ever so slightly—

Pictures of propriety  
overlaying sweet souls  
cautiously keying  
telegrams of desire.

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### *The One Vital Sign*

When I imagine You  
I can scarcely breathe.  
My consciousness lies  
in a shambles of hope,  
and my unconscious  
is so deliriously happy  
to find and feel thoughts  
of You in my heart  
that my lungs are left  
to shift for themselves.  
Yet my blue lips beg  
no need for air inspired  
but for a last tiny puff  
of expiring air to flow  
and waft these words—  
indeed I do love You.  
I'll be home in a minute.

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## *Remains and Reminders*

(I am so lucky)

We finally peeled apart at five.  
You have to go back and  
work one more week. Then  
we are married together for the  
rest of our lives. Praise the Lord.

Beautiful long sienna hair curls  
contrast to bathroom sink whiteness.  
Sexy red lipstick smudge hugs  
seductively lipped kitchen glass.  
Scribbled yellow pad note  
commands doctor's appointment  
for my own good—

Life signs reminisce the blessing  
and beauty of true caring  
you bring into my life,  
never there before, and the joy  
of my promise that I will give all  
to constantly care for you *even more*.

Our committed souls and  
joined hearts yearn for  
time to fly and distance to die.  
We ache to show that  
declared devotion and great sex  
growing through daily expression  
are all — are all that really matters now.

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*Best of Both Worlds*

She'd be loveless passion  
my taunting intellect insists—  
declaring unsolicited  
needless judgment.

Passion pleases,  
powers,  
passes—  
love lingers,

lives of joy  
unite forever—  
a rational ranting of  
hollow holy words.

O I could  
fall to my knees  
and beg for love  
properly, puritanically programmed.

But today—  
the love call twins the passion cry  
and soon — for the rest of my life  
I want to burn again forever

even for a moment—  
with those native sensations  
that never last either too long  
or too short to matter.

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*You Want to Kiss Me, Don't You*

Flesh flash points explode  
spray all consuming passion fire.

Come hither — sleepy song of  
awakened sweet lips seeing,

teases to adventured play  
fulfilling hot high noon's desire.

Cover tangling all night delights  
press again sweet lips smiling  
in the next new morning's light.

Ready willing  
spark, light, fire of true true love.  
Love like no other. We come  
to mold. We come to please.

Seizing wondrous chance at  
                    brand new start  
mesh perfect match heals  
                    long broken hearts.

Having had so little  
hoping for much  
willing to risk it all  
                    without reserve—  
for a forever love  
                    we both deserve.

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## *Scenario*

Horn roll of night thunder  
heralds Director's call for action.  
Crackling fire fish  
flip in the fireplace net  
light striping  
the cloud soft comforter nest  
bowed on the branches  
of the oak plank floor.

From soft side shadows  
two hungry hands reach out.  
Fingers touch.  
Palms press in passion's perfect clasp.  
Bold breath bodies flow  
natural loving—  
pleasuring each other.

Two people  
loving each other  
more  
than we ever thought possible  
through  
a long perfect night  
of forever more.

Cut and print are fine.  
But  
"let's wrap it up and  
put this baby to bed" — is  
totally unnecessary directing.

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## *As We Know Our Life Should Be*

This weekend  
you came into my house  
and now you are gone for a moment.  
Every room is marked  
by your presence, your comment,  
your pleasure, your approval,  
your question.  
It will never be the same.

A few months ago  
you came into my life  
and now you are gone for a moment.  
Every soul space is marked  
by your presence, your comment,  
your pleasure, your approval,  
your question.  
I will never be the same.

My physical house and my spiritual soul  
cry out for these moments you are  
gone to cease because until they do  
the tracks and traces of your  
presence, comments, pleasure,  
approval and question will trample  
us with the joy pain of longing  
for your return to us forever.

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## *And the Two Shall Become One*

We are—  
interchangeable, inseparable.

Merging pangs cease.  
The joining is perfect and complete.  
No buttons, no zipper, not even  
a seam.

An exciting new life  
of learning  
to use and enjoy  
the power and pleasure  
of the newly birthed being  
is just beginning.

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### *An Inch Away From Susan*

Time came to me and said  
be bold — and I did.

Time came to her and said  
be bold — and she did.

And now we are.

The resounding joy so resonates  
that we step back  
from the echoing ecstasy.

But not for long.

because an inch apart  
in mind, body, or soul  
is a Grand Canyon's width,

and the reverberation  
becomes singularly unbearable.

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*Lamplite  
(belief)*

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## *Off the Mark*

(Matthew 7:1-2)

I will affix no labels  
and  
make no judgments—  
because  
I might  
    be right.

And that might crush  
some struggling soul—  
who  
had planned  
to change  
    tonight.

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## *Holy Recidivism*

God

I understand

Your concept of grace.

Believe in it.

Trust in it

Rely on it.

And you should be

proud

of me—

Because

everyday

I do something

that puts me

in need

of it.

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### *A Need to Cuddle*

Lord I don't know  
what to say  
except that—  
I am me  
and You are You.

And I succeed  
and fail each day  
as an average personal  
example of our world's  
humanity in general—

which You seem to take  
credit for making. Though  
Lord only knows why.  
I truly love You. Believe me.  
I sincerely need You. Trust me.

So Father-Mother-Spirit  
I suggest, maybe we can  
both feel better  
about what we've done  
if You'll just hold me — please.

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### *Jim and Casper*

Jim and Casper went to church  
climbed upon their viewing perch  
looking for a righteous find  
or maybe just a holy mind  
did their research very well  
and found most churches here to sell  
their special view of what is right  
based on their leader's own insight.

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### *Perspective*

Do not worship the sun.

Worship the Lord, maker of the sun.

Do not worship the water.

Worship the Lord, maker of the water.

Do not worship the incense.

Worship the Lord, maker of the nostril.

Do not worship the scripture.

Worship the Lord, maker of the code.

The bow-down temptation  
of so many graven images  
necessary to be seen through with awe  
and enjoyed — in our world.

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## *Judge Not Unless It's Obvious*

Early this cold Sunday morning  
I zip into my church parking lot.  
9:05 a.m. — five miles in five minutes  
not bad for residential,  
and Jesus forgives.

Screech stopping behind  
the same white Ford pickup  
I parked next to last month,  
I bump the left rear fender a bit  
but nobody saw me,  
and Jesus forgives.

I notice  
cool shiny aluminum bed ramp tracks  
hanging over the tailgate.  
They look fancy new. The red rubber  
end caps lost by any normal person  
within a few uses are unscuffed.

What would Jesus think—  
a thrill-seeking 4-wheeler person,  
or a benevolent hauler of riding mowers  
to gratis cut fragile elderly folk's lawns.

Lets judge. Well, it's January, and ooh!  
See the extra satellite radio antenna and  
the huge black pipe grill guard bumper.  
This guy needs religion.

Come on, Jesus  
Lead me to some soul today.  
Let's get him.  
He best not be in my pew.

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### *Missionary Support*

An international soda straw pipeline  
trickling the few dollars  
not spent on excess  
by suburban refineries of calculated concern  
has done more  
to sustain  
idealistic love offerings  
than all the faith of all ages.

It is much easier  
to extend the hand of love  
if you don't actually  
have to touch anyone.

When you walk right in  
amongst the splatterings  
of mud, blood, and puke—  
and all the casual cursings,  
it is, to say the least, distracting,  
and much harder  
to find the pocket  
with the checkbook in it.

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*Lord Make Me a Nephew*

I believe Jesus was  
the perfect choice.

I am thrilled God  
picked him to be  
the Son of God.

I pledge allegiance  
and unquestioning support  
to his Sonship because—

I have read the job description  
and I would not have wanted it.

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### *Fitful Seventh Day Rest*

Everywhere—  
organic, protoplasmic pieces  
cling to inorganic bits.

All created by God  
out of nothing.

Never functioning quite right,  
he's never really  
been happy with it.

Broke down stuff.  
Broke down people.  
Broke down world.

I hear there may be  
a Manufacturer's recall  
soon.

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